THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XXI.

"Fashionable absurdities are not the least ridiculous."

ANON.

While I amuſed myſelf with recapitulating ſome of the events of my own life in my laſt number, and Philanthropically endeavoured to point out the injurious effects of novels, I little anticipated the offence, of which it ſeems I have been guilty. The following letter, from a female correſpondent, well verſed, as it ſeems, in the ephemeral productions of the day; impeaches my judgement, and oppoſes my deciſion. I have been ſtrongly inclined to ſuſpect, that ſome wicked wag has aſſumed a female ſignature; and given us, as the effuſions of a lady, the monſtrous ideas of the moſt extravagant of the ſex. It would, indeed, require a large portion of credulity, to ſuppoſe any female of *our country*, could for a moment harbour the ſerious idea of approximating, more than is at preſent the caſe, to a ſtate of primeval ſimplicity. Admitting this to be the caſe, I think my ſuppoſition of the ſex of the writer, being at leaſt apocryphal, muſt be allowed to be well founded. If my fair country women ſhould deign to peruſe the pages of the Philanthropiſt, they will in the following letter, perceive at leaſt one deformity in the fair features of faſhion.

—

To the Philanthropiſt.

SIR,

If you intended your laſt eſſay, to diſcourage our ſex, as well as your own, from reading novels, you may ſafely add one more diſappointment to your liſt. It would not have ſhown a greater degree of ignorance and impudence, if you had endeavoured to perſuade us againſt going quite naked, if it ſhould happen to be the *faſhion*. I wiſh it was the *rage* at preſent, with all my heart;—but the progreſs towards perfection is ſo ſlow, that I deſpair of ever ſeeing things exactly as I would wiſh. Somebody has ſaid, whoſe taſte I think may be ſafely adopted as a ſtandard, That

"Loveliness
"Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
"But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt?

I can't ſay where I picked up this beautiful fragment; but I gueſs it was from ſome novel. It means, don't it *Mr. Philanthropiſt*, that a woman without any clothes on, is more lovely, than one incumbered with a ſlight covering? and that one wrapt up in a ſcanty pattern, is more attractive than one completely clad after the *vulgar* manner of paſt generations? If it only means to recommend ſimplicity, and neatneſs of dreſs, inſtead of no dreſs at all, I would have choſen to be locked up a week alone, without a novel, or a mirror in my apartment, rather than to have mentioned it.

Now *Mr. Philanthropiſt*, if you did not intend (upon your honour) to encourage thoſe who think they have ſome right to control our inclinations, I muſt aſk your pardon. But I am afraid you did; and as I know you have vanity enough to ſuppoſe your influence not ſmall, and it being entirely inconſiſtent with your Philanthropic diſpoſition to leave us without any amuſement of the kind, I was apprehenſive you would recommend in your next eſſay, *real*, inſtead of *fictitious* hiſtory; natural philoſophy, ſuch poems as the Taſk of Cowper, and a thouſand other *moral* things, that a girl of any taſte and ſpirit would rather make a bold attempt to bring about a *new faſhion*, than liſten to.

If indeed you can recommend ſome book on natural philoſophy, which mentions volcanoes in the moon, and ſuch things; eſpecially one that will encourage us to hope for an exploſion, that will throw off one of their circulating Libraries, I ſhould be very much gratified. The Lunareans muſt be great noveliſts, I'm ſure, and of all things in the world, I ſhould like beſt to have acceſs to ſome of their *works* of *imagination*; you know very well, that ſome rocks from thence paid a viſit to this planet; and if you have half as much Philanthropy as you pretend, you will let me know ſoon whether thoſe burning mountains in the moon are inhabited. If they are, it muſt be by a very romantic kind of people; of courſe they will have novels among them; and I think we may reaſonably hope for an exploſion ſome day or other, that will at leaſt furniſh a few odd volumes for our amuſement.

There is nothing in nature, *like novels!* how delightful it is to hear of ſome of the lords of the creation fighting duels, ſome drowning themſelves, and ſome dying of conſumptions, out of pure veneration for *us:* every one ſtriving to be foremoſt in making ſacrifices at the Altar—where honours are paid with examplary devotion, to the "adorable part of the creation." If there is any thing in nature like this, it will be extinct ere long; for our plaguey legiſlature have paſſed a law againſt duelling already; and if we ſhould make ourſelves look ſtill better worth dying for, by wearing thiner robes, or (as "lovelineſs needs not the foreign aid of ornament") by going without any, it will no doubt be enacted by the *Authority aforeſaid*, that our adorers ſhall not even die of conſumptions. *Mr. Philanthropiſt*, could not you write a novel? I wiſh you could, it would be far more praiſe-worthy, in my opinion, than your preſent employment; though I never read any of your eſſays but the laſt; an honour it owes entirely to the ſubject. If you ſhould, upon conſideration, think yourſelf equal to the taſk, you will pleaſe to be careful not to introduce any "good ſentiments," becauſe a fellow labourer of yours who calls himſelf THE GLEANER, ſays they are productive of "*more harm than good*"!!!

If you will write a novel, ſir, I will be your conſtant reader and admirer. I will read your work becauſe *it is a novel*, and

be your admirer, dear *Mr. Philanthropiſt*, as a reward for ſacrificng your own *better judgment*, to gratify

FLIRTILLA.

For the Evening Fire-side.

TO EDWARD.

Here ſtill within the city's bounds
Your unreluctant friend remains,
Though buſineſs turns his fetters round,
Still with a ſmile I greet my chains.

For me, be e'er the pleaſing taſk,
Thoſe chains with flowers to adorn;
No brighter boon of Heaven I aſk,
At cloſing eve, or opening morn.

This is my choice—for here I taſte
The raptures of the ſocial hour;
Am bleſt with Friendſhip's ſweet repaſt,
And all the offſpring of her power.

Though anxious cares at times infeſt
My aching head, they ſoon are o'er,
And pleaſure gives a brighter zeſt,
When pain once felt, is felt no more.

Yet for hymeneal joys I ſigh,
For Love has found a victim here;
And ſtill I want a ſtronger tie,
To bind me to my native ſphere.

Till fortune kindly crowns my toil,
This higheſt bliſs I dare not claim;
I dare not court the fair one's ſmile,
Till Plutus feeds the growing flame.

For never ſhall the heart I prize,
Be to dread indigence allied;
Nor want's dull languor dim theſe eyes,
Of her I e'er will call my bride.

No let *me* toil—let me endure,
Privation's, affluence never knew;
Time only can my bliſs enſure,
And time ſhall prove my heart is true.

But never ſhall the lovely maid,
Whoſe form can cheer my dreariest hour,
By me to poverty betray'd,
Repine beneath her cankering power.

No—rather o'er the watery waſte,
In ſearch of affluence I'll roam,
Of Plenty's cheering viands taſte,
Or find in Neptune's breaſt a home.

Farewell my friend, I envy not
Thy days of toil, thy nights of reſt,—
Far diff'rent is my fated lot,
Far diff'rent cares poſſeſs my breaſt.

No ſilvan ſhades, no flowery lawn,
A tenant of the world I crave,
But Fortune's clouds ſhall be withdrawn,
Or I will find a foreign grave.

HENRY.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE PEDLAR, NO. V.

"Improve each moment before it is paſt,
"And know each fleeting moment may be thy laſt,"

When we reflect on the changable conditions of all that regards human Nature, the uncertainty of our exiſtence here, and the emptineſs of our worldly purſuits and cares, we then ſtand ready to confeſs the neceſſity of turning or improving "each moment" to the beſt account, and employing our time ſo as to reſult to the moſt ſolid advantage.

"Time is dealt out by particles; and each
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is ſworn
Deep ſilence, "where eternity begins."

YOUNG.

This ſolemn truth, ſhould be ever preſent to our minds. It ſhould regulate our lives, and preſerve that juſt equilibrium which the condition of our nature ever uniformly requires. How happy would it be, for every man inſtead of indulging vain chimerical and idle notions of temporal enjoyments, inſtead of forming ſchemes of viſionary happineſs, to employ his thoughts and the faculties of his mind in ſtudying, how he may beſt improve the preſent "moment," he would no doubt find ſolid advantages reſulting from his conduct and would be enabled in his laſt hours, to caſt a retroſpective eye upon his paſt life, with pleaſure and ſelf-ſatisfaction.—Death to ſuch a man as this does not approach like the "king of terrors" but like a friend, who comes to releaſe him from the ſhackles of mortality, and to charm him with the proſpect of future and eternal felicity. How different the appearance of this "dread harbinger" to him who through perverſe folly, and fatal blindneſs has not duly appreciated the value of time, but has omitted and ſlighted the needful, but neglected call "to

"Improve each moment before it is paſt."

T.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ELEGY.

Near yon lone pile with ivy overſpread,
Faſt by the riv'let's peace-perſuading ſound,
Where ſleeps the moonlight on yon verdant bed,
O, humbly preſs that conſecrated ground.

For there does Edmund reſt—the learned ſwain,
And there his pale eye'd phantom loves to rove!
Young Edmund, fam'd for each harmonious ſtrain,
And the ſore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like ſome tall tree, that ſpreads its branches wide,
And loads the zepher with its ſoft perfume,
His manhood bloſſom'd e'er the faithleſs pride,
Of fair Lucinda ſunk him to the tomb.

But ſoon did righteous Heaven, her crime purſue,
Where'er with wilder'd ſteps ſhe wander'd pale,
Still Edmund's image roſe to blaſt her view,
Still Edmund's voice accus'd her in each gale.

With keen remorſe and tortur'd guilt's alarms,
Amid the pomp of affluence ſhe pin'd;
Nor all that lur'd her faith from Edmund's arms,
Could ſooth the conſcious horrors of her mind.

Go trav'ller, tell the tale with ſorrow fraught;
Some lovely maid, perchance or blooming youth,
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught,
That Riches cannot pay for love or truth.

H.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE GLEANER: NO. VII.

Pleaſure, when it is a perſon's chief purpoſe, diſappoints itſelf; and a conſtant application to it, palls the faculty of enjoying it. I believe, really, there is more fatigue in a round of circulary and continued pleaſures, than in the proſecution of buſineſs and affairs: the enjoyments we purſue, grow ſtaler in the poſſeſſion; and when we have run through them, leave us flat and inſipid, ſpent and over laboured. It may, therefore, fairly be inferred, that pleaſure, can be ſuch only when purſued with moderation. As far as health is kept up, and melancholy diſcharged, by our amuſements; ſo far may theſe be tolerated. The end of pleaſure is to ſupport the offices of life, to relieve the fatigue of buſineſs, and to reward a regular action. Recreation of ſome kind is neceſſary to relieve our minds and bodies, from too conſtant attention and labour.

There are ſome ſo rigid, or ſo timorous, that they avoid all diverſions, and dare not but abandon lawful delights, for fear of offending: theſe are hard tutors, if not tyrants, to themſelves; and whilſt they pretend a mortified ſtrictneſs, are injurious to their own liberty, and to the liberality of their maker. The tempering of our pleaſures is one uſe of wiſdom; and we ſhould learn, by a juſt ſurvey to know the due and lawful bounds of them;—then beware that we neither go beyond the known boundary, nor in the licence of our deſires, remove it.

A perſon ſhould not abſtain from all appearances of pleaſantry, for fear of being

thought a carnal perſon, or a ſpendthrift: It is entertaining wrong notions of things, out of a ſuperſtitious fear; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulneſs of heart, denied thoſe who are the only perſons that have a proper title to it. It is not the buſineſs of virtue, or religion, to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them: they may moderate or reſtrain, but were not deſigned to baniſh gladneſs from our hearts. True religion contracts the circle of our pleaſures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in.—So far from excluding gladneſs of heart, it is a perpetual ſource of it. In a word, the true ſpirit of virtue and religion, clears as well as compoſes the ſoul: it baniſhes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious diſſolute mirth; but in exchange, fills the mind with uninterrupted ſerenity and cheerfulneſs, and an habitual inclination to pleaſe others, as well as to be pleaſed in itself.

If men would live, ſaid a learned divine, as religion requires they ſhould do, the world would be a quiet habitation: and the true reaſon why the ſocieties of men are ſo full of tumult and diſorder, is becauſe there is ſo little true religion among them. So that if it were not for ſome remains of piety and virtue which are ſcattered among mankind, human ſociety would, in a ſhort time, diſband and run into confuſion; the earth would grow wild and become a great foreſt; and men would turn beaſts of prey towards one another.

Were ſuch, who intemperately purſue pleaſure, only to betake themſelves to reflection—I have no doubt they would ſoon acknowledge "that a taſte of pleaſure quickens the reliſh of life; but an unreſtrained indulgence, leads to inevitable deſtruction."—And on the other hand ſuch as have adopted that unſocial ſpirit which gloomy and aſcetic aſperities inſpire,—by obtaining a correct knowledge of human nature, and conſidering the conſtruction of the mind,—would diſcover that the human ſyſtem, like the world of which it is the microcoſm, demands alſo the ſalutary ſucceſſion of change and alteration.

Q.

For the Evening Fire-side.

To my Cask.*

Dear Cask, that on my natal hour,
With me firſt ſaw the cheering light,
Let me adore thy myſtick power,
As ancient as the reign of Night.
Though oft the cauſe of many a broil,
Thou cheer'ſt the plodding merchant's toil,
Or lulls his cares to ſleep;
Though oft from thee, love dates his power,
Thou charm'ſt the ſolitary hour,
Of thoſe who wake to weep.

Like Earth within thy fertile breaſt,
What countleſs treaſures lay conceal'd;
'Till man with curious zeal poſſeſs'd,
Thy glories to the world reveal'd.

For thy inſpiring juice I ſigh,
That brightens Love's voluptuous eye,—
And gives its ruby hue
To Beauty's cheek, where blooms the roſe,
That with new life, new luſtre glows,
When moiſten'd with thy dew.

Ev'n he who ſtudious, loves to pore,
O'er Socrates' immortal page,
Well vers'd in philoſophic lore,
And wonders of each former age,—

Will ne'er reject thee with diſdain,
Nor from thy potent juice abſtain,
At evening's cheerful hour;
For even Learning's rigid brow,
Shall ſmooth its wrinkles and allow
Thy pleaſure-giving power.

Then yield thy treaſures to controul,
The inroads of conſuming care,
And ſparkling in my ample bowl,
The powers of wearied thought repair.

Around my homely frugal board,
To friendly chat thy aid afford,
Inſpire the repartee;
And let the coming night be paſs'd,
In harmleſs pleaſure like the laſt,
In mirth and jollity.

LYRICUS.

* The reader may obſerve, that this Ode is a *ſort* of an imitation of the ode of Horace.—"Ad Amphoram."

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

THE DECLAIMER: NO. III.

" The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
" Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth."

I have often wondered that the Britiſh Eſſayiſts, who have written ſo largely on mental embelliſhment, who have enforced by all the powers of perſuaſion and argument, the beauty and neceſſity of gracing the mind with elegant and ſubſtantial accompliſhments; ſhould have ſaid ſo little on the ſubject of external decoration.

One would imagine that thoſe rigid moraliſts, who have attacked ſo ſucceſsfully the follies of mankind, would oftener have indulged in ridicule at the ceaſeleſs labours of the toilet; and have laſhed with indignant ſeverity, the mad caprices of the ſons of faſhion.

But, however they might be willing to pardon the votaries of the fickle goddeſs, ſurely they ought to have cenſured the folly that has introduced the rage for apparel ſo extremely coſtly: the low ambition of appearing in a dreſs, that the vulgar are unable to purchaſe, is fair game for the ſatyriſt; and I am at a loſs to conceive how it has eſcaped him.

The old hackneyed argument of extravagance being pardonable, becauſe it benefits the labouring claſſes of the community; deſerves ſcarcely to be conſidered, ſince that kind of reaſoning would juſtify all who bid at the grand auction of folly, and even reconcile the conduct of the Roman emperor, who cauſed ſo huge a mountain to be cut to reſemble his mother's face, that a hundred men were at work upon her noſe. It is a duty we owe as ſtewards of the bounty of Heaven, to diſpoſe of ſuperfluous wealth, in that manner which will produce the greateſt benefit to ſociety; *the performance of this duty* will yield a man honorable fame and pleaſurable employment: he therefore (in my opinion) who laviſhes thouſands on miſerable gewgaws, is not only forgetful of his own happineſs, but his conduct can merit nothing but the deteſtation of poſterity.

"The trimmings of the vain world, would clothe the naked one," was the aſſertion of a ſage who was a cloſe obſerver of human nature; and thoſe who are converſant with hiſtory, will not heſitate to pronounce it correct. The empreſs of Ruſſia, (ſays Carr,) has in her Cabinet of Furs, Cloaks which have coſt ten thouſand pounds ſterling, each.

"Clothes make men," says a German Proverb:

Inſinuating, that he whoſe wealth has enabled him to appear in Rich apparel, is ſure to receive the attention due to merit; while the unadorned ſun-burnt children of labour, need expect only ſuch treatment, as is ſhown to a brute: and unfortunately for Europe, the Proverb is too true; ſuch adoration is paid to opulence and title, that it would ſeem as if all that is noble or lovely, reſided in the breaſt; adorned by a ſtar or a riband:—what a diſgraceful reflection! That the being who flaunts in a ſplendid dreſs, and equipage, very frequently the worſt of mankind, that even merit ſhould cringe and ſtoop at his approach; that the Temple ſhould feel his influence, and the prieſt be unwilling to tell the wretch how corrupt is the heart he poſſeſſes; and only becauſe

" The robe that wraps his limbs in Silken sloth,
" Has rob'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth."

But altho' we may pity the infatuation of the multitude, what mercy muſt be ſhown the man who attempts to extort ſuch unmerited admiration.

" Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow."

The man of real merit goes modeſtly attired; avoids ſhow and parade; is content that his fame ſhould be built on the merit of his actions; and none but the Fool, and the Villain, endeavour to extort the homage of mankind, by extrinſic decoration. But, although to the butterflies that flutter at a court, it may ſeem neceſſary to dazzle the eyes of the vulgar, leaſt they ſhould ſee the abſurdity, and murmur at the unnatural diſtinctions, that pride and tyranny have made between rich and poor: who but muſt regret and deteſt the attempts that are making to eſtabliſh them in our own happy country.

Let an American honour merit, wherever it be found; whether in him that directs the helm of government, or him that holds the plough; but pity, and ſmile at the ineffable meanneſs of him, who is awed by parade and ſplendour, and bends at the approach of the mere gaudy favorite of Plutus.

D.

Auguſt, 1ſt.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Ode to the Angle of Intelligence, in last Number.

We, PATTY PINDAR, being much concerned,
To hear our readers do not think *us* learned,
Proclaim aloud that *we* do take it quite ill,
And that *we* now have chosen very wisely,
A ſubject that will ſuit us ſo preciſely,
That none hereafter dare diſpute our title.

Was it not ſlander of the firſt degree,
To call us ignorant of Chemiſtry,
Becauſe *we* did not ſay, whether 'twas *greaſe*
Or *ſoap-ſuds*, made the pickles look ſo nice!
That all who heard of them deſir'd a ſlice:—
Experiment muſt teach you—if you pleaſe.

Intelligence itſelf's a pretty thing,
Whether it beams from *heaven-illumin'd* faces,
Or your inſtructive columns nobly graces;
Or tells the fate of ſome unhappy king;
Or ſhows the cauſe why *honour's children* wrangle:
But that of which *we* now are going to ſing,
Is a more curious, tho' leſs uſeful thing;
Alluding to its *lately mention'd Angle*.

This Angle does not ſeem to be *acute*,
And ſure *we* are, it is not a *right-angle*;
We'll therefore have to treat it as *obtuſe*;
And as *we* all our readers wiſh to ſuit,
Leſt in our learning *we* the unlearn'd entangle,
Our mode of treatment muſt not be abſtruſe.

Of tangent, coſine, ſecant and coſecant,
Cotangent, Radius and other lines,
We ſpeak—merely to ſhew our head not vacant,
The problem may be ſolv'd *we* think by *ſines*.

Draw T. P. five and nine-tenths long at leaſt,
P. E. E. T. ſhorter two-tenths but equal;
And he muſt be as ignorant as a beaſt,
Who finds not demonſtration in the ſequel.

For by a rule which Euclid has laid down,
Which no one e'er attempted to new-fangle,
T. P. becomes the ſine of the *great-angle!*
P. P. the wiſeſt woman in the town!

At leaſt *we* are ſo in our own opinion;—
We'll try (by keeping all the world in awe,)
To demonſtrate our title to dominion,
Which *we* can juſtify by *Common-law*.

PATTY PINDAR.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

ON ESSAY WRITING.

In all ages, both ancient and modern, we find the ſtudy of compoſition not only much in vogue; but carried to a great extent. The admiration a well penned production excites, is naturally an inducement for others to purſue the ſame beaten path; and which ſo frequently has been trodden, that it is almoſt diſcouraging to attempt another journey, through the ſame tract; but the ſcenery is ſo very pictureſque that beauties, unobſerved before, are diſcovered by every new itenerant.

The utility of compoſing not merely correctly, but elegantly, is univerſally acknowledged: it is perhaps eaſier acquired and better underſtood than any other accompliſhment:—therefore a perſon ignorant in this reſpect is the more unpardonable; provided he has had an education, time and opportunity.

The frequency of compoſition gives a facility and eaſy manner of expreſſing one's ſentiments, which otherwiſe might never have been acquired.

Common ideas flow, if not with the velocity of a roaring cataract; at leaſt like a ſmooth meandering ſtream from an unfailing ſource; but *uncommon* ones, ruſh forth, like obſtructed water, which is ſoon exhauſted, without progreſſing as far, as the ſmall rivulet, whoſe fountain is perpetual.

A mind even *naturally* trifling, will, in a manner, undergo an entire renovation, by daily performances of this kind. The mind of man varies exceedingly; and to pretend to ſay that the manner of inculcating knowledge in every individual, ſhould be the ſame, is a ſuggeſtion extremely erroneous; but to a perſon, who has common intellects, compoſition will be ſerviceable. There is nothing that ſhould be ſtudied ſo attentively by young perſons who deſign themſelves for profeſſional characters, as productions of this kind; for they are the fountain heads of eloquence. Not like poetry, which certainly requires a conſiderable portion of imagination; oratory and a talent for compoſition may be acquired by perſevering practice.

That productions of this kind are the ſeeds of eloquence, which ſeldom fail to produce plentiful harveſts; unleſs in uncommonly barren ſoil, is obvious to every reflecting mind. If with the advantageous proſpect before us, of accumulating ſuch *immenſe* profit from ſuch *little* trouble;—if the qualifications of an *orator*, or even a *writer*, be acquired in ſuch an *eaſy manner* it is a matter of great aſtoniſhment, that *more* do not exert themſelves to aim at perfection.

Cicero was of opinion, that nothing contributed ſo much to exalt eloquence to the ſtandard of perfection, as the frequent exerciſe of compoſing pieces. Cicero had ſufficient candour to acknowledge that he was indebted chiefly, to that, for his preeminence in oratory.

It is well known that Demoſthenes was continually improving himſelf by writing ſpeeches, and that by unremitted diligence he improved his faculties, (which by nature were none of the brighteſt,) ſo very much that he left a name, the boaſt of poſterity, to be imitated; for even Cicero, who was his rival, if *any one*, made him the pattern.

After reading the hiſtory of Demoſthenes we are aſtoniſhed at ſuch an uncommon example of perſeverance, although he was at firſt defeated. We find in peruſing his life he had *not uncommon* abilities: it was through the means of his ſtudious application, that he received the juſt premium of his indefatigable diligence; nay, ſo much pains would he beſtow upon each of his performances, that Pytheas told him "his arguments *ſmelt of the lamp*;" he retorted "yes indeed; but your lamp and mine are "not witneſs to *the ſame labour*." Plutarch declares "he was not a man of much genius; and that all his eloquence was the "effect of labour." "A ſtrong proof of this "ſeemed to be (to continue the words of "Plutarch,) "that he was ſeldom heard to "ſpeak any thing *extempore*, and though "people often called upon him, by name

"as he ſat in the aſſembly, to ſpeak to the "point debated, he would not do it, unleſs "he come prepared."

It is therefore reaſonable to infer, that by frequent compoſitions, elegance of diction, and ſtrength of arguments may be acquired by all, but abſolute idiots.

T. F. P.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

FROM THE AMERICAN LETTERS.

The Appendages of St. Peter's.

(Concluded)

It requires an hour or two to walk round the ſequeſtered Aiſles; and contemplate at leiſure the ſplendid Monuments of the latter Popes, and of ſuch other Sovereign Princes, as have died at Rome—no meaner Duſt being ſuffered to repoſe in ſtate, beneath this Imperial Canopy.

The Cenotaph of Innocent VIII. *whoſe pontificate*, ſays his epitaph, *was illuſtrated by the diſcovery of a New World*, and that of Sixtus IV. both executed in bronze by Antonio Pollajoo, a Florentine Artiſt, of the Fifteenth Century, were brought hither from the Old Church (the floor of which had been arched over on building the New One) as monuments of art too precious to be left behind in its now ſubterranean receſſes.

That of Sixtus is a low altar-tomb, upon the floor of the Chapel of the Sacrament, on which the Pope lies at length, in his pontifical robes, ſurrounded by emblematical perſonifications of the Arts and Sciences, exquiſitely emboſſed, in demi-relief, upon its ſloping ſides.

Paul III. and Urban VIII. were the firſt eminent Popes actually inhumed in the new Edifice, both Sixtus V. and Paul V. though one of them finiſhed the Dome, and the other the Frontiſpiece, having choſen to be laid in Chapels of their own, under *the more immediate protection*, of the Virgin, at Santa Maria Maggiore.

Queen Chriſtina of Sweden, that ſingular compound of ferocity and devotion, who abjured her religion, and abdicated her crown, to ſpend her days in viſiting the churches and convents of Rome, lies here, beneath a ſplendid Monument, near the ſuppoſed Remains of the Counteſs Matilda, ſo famous for her princely donation to the Popes.

Here alſo repoſe the Reliques of Mary, Daughter of John Sobieſki, King of Poland, and Wife of the Pretender—the natural, or the *lawful*, Son of James II. who long reſided at Rome, with the empty title of King of Great Britain.

Beſides theſe Regal Mauſoleums, the moſt remarkable tomb to an Obſerver who has more regard to the progreſs of information, than to the attributes of infallibility, or the perfections of art, is that of Gregory XIII. with a bas relief repreſenting the Correction of the Kalendar, which was ordained by that Pontiff, in 1584; though it was not till 1752, that England, habitually ſuſpicious of Papiſtical precedents, could be perſuaded to adopt the alteration of the ſtyle,—"I do not like new fangled notions," ſaid the old Duke of B— when the meaſure was propoſed to him, by the volatile Cheſterfield, for his ſupport in the Houſe of Peers.*

Such a Reader as his Grace of B— would ſkip over the technical information that this hiſtorical Monument was ſculptured by Ruſconi, and is ſupported by coloſſal Figures of Religion and Strength—he might perhaps mumble through the various expreſſions, in braſs and marble, of the fertile fancy of Monot, or Algardi—but he would certainly drop aſleep, ſhould I attempt to diſtinguiſh the vigorous productions of Bernini, in the Statue of Longinus, and the Tomb of Urban, from the feeble efforts of his expiring genius in the crowded Cenotaph of the laſt Pope Alexander.

An Unbeliever in the Chriſtian Syſtem will learn with triumph, or contempt, the imaginary miracles that ſtrike the eye at St. Peter's with the aggravation of contraſt, amidſt the real wonders of art, by which they are ſurrounded.

Here an antiquated picture of the Virgin—preſerved from the rubbiſh of the Old Church, is hung, though but ſcantily, with votive tablets, and ridiculous repreſentations of hair-breadth eſcapes—There St. Peter and St. Paul—the promulgators of piety and peace, appear in the clouds—ſword in hand, to defend Pope Leo from the incurſions of Attila, King of the Huns.

Here Gregory the Great converts the conſecrated Wafer into a ſhoulder of mutton, to the utter confuſion of an Unbeliever in *the real preſence*.—There ſome Female Martyr—in emulation of St. Denis, carries her own head in her hands, to place it upon an altar, for the veneration of the Faithful.—

But at Rome miracles are familiar, and all theſe wonder-working Saints attract little attention, in compariſon of a brazen Image of St. Peter, which was caſt out of a broken Statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. It ſits upon a marble pedeſtal—beneath a ſcarlet canopy—on the right hand of the altar—a lamp burns conſtantly before it—the accompaniment of the keys is not forgotten—it puts out its great toe, with a magiſterial air, and Men, Women, and Children, kiſs it as they paſs—bowing, and ſcraping, adoration!

* * * *

A hundred Clerks perform the offices of the Choir, in the various grades of Prieſthood—from the Candle-Snuffer to the Canon, and the Cardinal Arch-Prieſt, all of whom are bound to live in a ſtate of celibacy, and have apartments in the Veſtry.

They aſſemble, twice a day, in full dreſs, for matins and veſpers, when the pomp of inſtrumental muſic is accompanied by half a dozen Eunuchs, whoſe enchanting voices are ſadly contraſted by their pallid faces, and diſtorted limbs.

It is a ſingular fact, in the hiſtory of Superſtition, that the Chapter of St. Peter's—in white and ſilver—glittering with illumination, and fuming with incenſe—beneath domes and canopies, fretted with gold, and beaming with ſcarlet, attracts but few Spectators, even among the church-going Populace of Rome.—While Crowds of Devotees collect every evening to chant the Litany, before the portrait of Weeping Virgin,* in a little Chapel of the Piazza Colonna.

But the privileged performers of the Papal Cathedral do not even affect the ſemblances of zeal. Noviciates are often ſeen to ſmile at the awkwardneſs of initiation, and the Canons themſelves ſometimes ſlumber in their ſtalls.

The ſplendid moſaic of the Chapel, gliſtens with the tapers of the Altar, which is ſerved with veſſels of ſilver, and covered with cloth of gold. On either hand is a gallery for the Muſicians, in which I have often heard thirty performers at a time, arrayed in linen veſtments, chanting alternately the reſponſes of the Choral ſervice,

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* Cheſterfield humorouſly describes his own ignorance of the ſubject, in the celebrated Letters to his booby Son, of whom he would ſo gladly have made a Statesman, or a Philoſopher; but he was not *du bois dont on en fait* [the ſtuff of which ſuch things are made.] It was Lord Macclesfield that framed the Bill, and ſupported it in a ſcientifical ſpeech, that *nobody underſtood*—while Cheſterfield displayed to ſuch advantage, the aſtronomical phraſes, he had got by heart, on the occaſion, plentifully interlarded with amuſing epiſodes, and rhetorical flouriſhes, that it was his ſpeech *convinced their Lordſhips*, and rung through all Europe, as a maſterpiece of Modern eloquence.

* Mater Doloriſſima.

in which the Canons and the Clerks occaſionally join, from three rows of aſcending deſks, parallel with the galleries; before which benches are placed tranſverſely for Spectators: but ſo few attend at St. Peter's that a philoſophical Obſerver may ſpeculate, at his eaſe, upon the ceremonies of the Choir, where no mark of co-operation, or obeiſance, is expected from Strangers.

If this were not the caſe, the doubts of a Proteſtant, or the ſcruples of a Diſſenter, might be lulled to reſt, by the inſcription over the organ loft, ſelected from the pious rhapſodies, of the ſweet Singer of Iſrael:

PSALLITE DEO NOSTRO.*

But when the ſong of praiſe aſcends, in meaſured notes, from the graduated Band of voices and inſtruments, Scepticiſm, itſelf, might liſten, with riſing fervor, to repeated Halleluiahs; and bow to the valedictory aſcription of,

Gloria Patri! et Filio! et Spirito Sancto!

* * * *

St. Peter's, and its appendages, are ſuppoſed to have coſt twenty Millions ſterling —a ſum which (however prodigal) has been exceeded in a *Proteſtant* Nation, for the armaments of a ſingle year —As many Centuries of progreſſive ingenuity muſt have preceded the bold deſign; and ſucceſſive Generations have concurred to raiſe, and to decorate, this magnificent Temple; which concentrates the ſublime conceptions of a Raphael, a Canova, and a Michael Angelo—the Painter, the Sculptor, and the Architect, of a revolving Period of the Arts, which returns (if it returns at all) like the Comet of Newton—in an ellipſis of Ages.

From the Port Folio.

(Concluded)

In every act of reaſoning, therefore, regulate your own arguments by the precepts of logical ſcience; and carefully examine thoſe of your opponent by the ſame principles. Thus will the cauſe of truth be moſt effectually defended, and the artifice of error moſt eaſily detected.

Theſe, my young friends, being the moſt prominent features in that plan of Engliſh education which this ſeminary embraces, I have dwelt more particularly upon *them*, and annexed a precept to each, which I truſt you will faithfully remember and uniformly act upon; at the ſame time, as diligently improving the knowledge you have alſo here acquired of arithmetic, writing, book-keeping, the elements of the mathematics, &c. &c. and above all, thoſe principles of morality, and of pure undefiled religion, which have been daily inculcated by reading a ſelect portion of the holy ſcriptures, morning and evening, accompanied with prayer, and, at the cloſe of every week, with the recital of your reſpective catechiſms, and a lecture on ſome one of the leading principles of our holy religion.

This branch of inſtruction, though mentioned laſt, is, be aſſured, not leaſt in the ſcale of importance—indeed it is by far the moſt intereſting and valuable of all the ſubjects to which your attention has been directed, inaſmuch as the concerns of eternity infinitely tranſcend thoſe of time in duration, and conſequently in importance.

Human life was evidently intended by the great author of our exiſtence as a ſtate of unremitting activity and exertion. And indeed, if we for a moment ſeriouſly conſider the high deſtinies of man, the various and extenſive duties we owe to ſociety, and the great, the indiſpenſable preparation we muſt make in order to qualify ourſelves for admiſſion into a ſtate of happineſs hereafter, how ineſtimably valuable do the fleeting hours of time appear! for "How much is to be done!" And how ſhort, how uncertain the period, in which it is to be accompliſhed! "The days of our age," are at their utmoſt extent, "but three-ſcore years and ten, and though ſome men be ſo ſtrong that they come to four-ſcore years, yet is their ſtrength then but labour and ſorrow. So ſoon paſſeth it away and we are gone!" Remember, therefore, and let the remembrance be ever carefully preſerved and kept actively alive in your minds, that in this ſhort portion of exiſtence, we have in early youth to qualify ourſelves for a favourable reception into, and reſpectable eſtabliſhment in *this* world, as well then, as during the remainder of our probation here, to prepare ourſelves for a happy entrance into the world of ſpirits. Great and important objects indeed! Objects worthy the contemplation and exertion of a rational and immortal Being!

With reſpect to the means of attaining the *former* object, I earneſtly recommend to you the moſt active and unwearied diligence in the proſecution of your ſtudies, ſhould you incline to prepare yourſelves for one of the learned profeſſions; or, ſhould an immediate entrance upon the duties of the counting-houſe be adopted, be equally aſſiduous in the diſcharge of them.

The ſatisfaction which you muſt experience from the conſciouſneſs of having ſo diligently employed your time, while under my tuition, as to acquire a general knowledge of thoſe branches of ſcience which we have juſt reviewed, cannot but be highly ſoothing to you. Cheriſh the animating ſenſation—perſevere, nobly perſevere in the acquiſition of knowledge, and thereby expand and improve that inexhauſtible ſource of honour and of comfort. Increaſe, ſtrengthen, and confirm your habits of induſtrious application, and beware of indulging in any degree the interruption of their influence.

Idleneſs, be aſſured, not only paralyſes the mind, and renders it torpid with reſpect to every virtuous emotion, but thereby promotes the influence of our wayward paſſions, cheriſhes the propenſities to vice, and frequently leads to the commiſſion of criminal actions. Be perſuaded, therefore, never to relax the diligence you have ſo long been accuſtomed to exerciſe, nor ſuffer a day to paſs, to preſent its opportunity of improvement, without availing yourſelves of the high privilege it offers, and adding to your ſtock of knowledge. "I have loſt a day," ſaid one of the wiſeſt and moſt amiable of the Roman emperors, whenever he ſuffered a day to eſcape, without having acquired ſome uſeful information, or performed ſome meritorious action.

"So ſhould all ſpeak; ſo Reaſon ſpeaks in all."

In order to acquire eminence in any profeſſion, the baſis of which is formed of ſcholaſtic literature, you muſt exerciſe yourſelves in ſerious thinking, and accuſtom yourſelves to ſolitary ſtudy and literary labour. When you do mix with ſociety, endeavour to aſſociate with men older and wiſer than yourſelves, from whoſe knowledge and experience you may hope to gain ſolid improvement. Preſerve on all occaſions, the dignity of deportment, and an uniform urbanity of manners. Theſe will conciliate the eſteem and reſpect of the virtuous and the wiſe, will moſt effectually repel the obtruſive inſolence of folly, and awe into reverence the inſidious and deluſive artifices, of vice and immorality. Cultivate benevolence of diſpoſition, and habitual ſerenity and cheerfulneſs of temper. Avoid the company of the frivolous, the licentious, and the profane. Be ever on your guard againſt the alluring ſolicitations of ſenſuality, and the faſcinating and conta-

* Sing unto our God.

gious influence of evil example. For which purpose fortify your minds with the inflexible resolutions of intrepid virtue.

—— "Be just, and fear not.
"Let all the ends you aim at be your Country's,
"Your God's, and Truth's."

Consider that you are now about to enter upon the most dangerous period of your existence; to step upon the arena of the world, in which, like the combatants in the ancient amphitheatres, you will be immediately assailed by the most formidable foes, which are the more to be dreaded, because they will approach you with expanded arms, and insidious smiles under the mask of innocence, thereby endeavouring to lure you into their fatal embrace.

Or, to speak in plainer language, and without a metaphor, you will be surrounded by various temptations to sin, by the fascinating charms of pleasure, and the delusive seductions of vice, from without, and by the goading impulses of depraved propensities and boisterous passions from within, acting in unison with each other, and exerting their most potent energies for your destruction. O listen therefore to my warning voice! and wisely determine to enter upon this hazardous field of action with that virtuous and manly firmness and independence of spirit, with that vigilant precaution and circumspection, which a knowledge of your danger should inspire. "Fight the good fight of christian faith," and, invigorated and animated by the virtues she gives birth to, endeavour to be eminently and singularly good. Strive to be distinguished in society by those qualities and that conduct which will shed a lustre round your character, and induce the admiration and esteem of all;---by an affectionate and dutiful attachment and submission to your parents; the most invincible adherence to truth on all occasions; chastity and correctness in your sentiments and conversation; modesty, politeness, and gentleness of manners; a regular attendance upon the public worship of God, and a conformity to the rites of that particular church in which you may have been educated; a readiness to forgive injuries; and a submissive regard to the authority of reason, and the dictates of conscience. By the uniform observance of these and similar principles, you will be sure to command the soothing decisions of a *peaceful* conscience, the affection and respect of individuals, and the approbation, the confidence, and the patronage of the public.

Thus much with respect to this world, and your success in its pursuits.

But, my young friends, you are endowed with higher powers, and invested with nobler and more glorious privileges than present objects can possibly awaken or call forth into action. As inhabitants of *this* world, "this evanescent speck of earth," you are *mortal*, and your period of existence limited and uncertain in its duration; as rational beings, and candidates for eternity, you are *immortal*, destined to exist in the world of spirits, and your condition in that region of immortality will altogether depend upon the tenor of your conduct here. Awful, yet exhilarating consideration! How assiduous then should you be to secure for yourselves a happy immortality! And this, be assured, can *only* be effected by the power of true religion. Let, therefore, her sacred precepts be most cordially received by you, and have an uncontroled influence upon your sentiments and conduct. "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth." "Acquaint yourselves with God, and be at peace." Dedicate to his service, and consequently to the salvation of your souls, the first fruits of those talents and intellectual powers which he hath given you for the promotion of that great end. It is of the utmost importance, that virtuous and religious principles be cherished by you at the present interesting period of your lives, to enable you to counteract and subdue those boisterous passions and vicious propensities of depraved nature, which commerce with the world invariably calls forth into action; and which, if not counteracted and restrained by confirmed and deep-rooted principles of virtue, will utterly disqualify you for the enjoyment of happiness, both in this world and the next. That you may be enabled to support the trials, and be guarded against the temptations, which will, ere long, assail you, let religion, that "day-spring from on high," illuminate and direct your inexperienced minds. By fervent and daily prayer, and by frequent perusal of the holy scriptures, support that intercourse with your God, which will enable you to grow in grace as you grow in age. From that book of divine revelation learn true wisdom, and regulate your thoughts, words, and actions, by the injunctions of the unerring laws contained therein. An acquaintance with the gospel of Jesus Christ, and a compliance with its precepts, will expand and enlarge your minds, sublime your affections, soothe your sorrows, and mitigate the unavoidable evils of life, by resolving them into the dictates of infinite wisdom; while, at the same time, you will be animated by the prospect and assurance of a blessed and glorious state of retribution after death, for your perseverance in piety and virtue here. Human life is but the dim dawn of our existence. The dark mists of uncertainty in human affairs, the lowering clouds of disappointment, and the scowling tempests of adversity, interpose an awful and terrifying gloom between this world and the next, which nothing but the piercing eye of Christian faith, guided by the fervid ray of genuine devotion, beaming from a heart irradiated by the grace of God, and glowing with the celestial fire of true religion, can possibly penetrate.

This ray of light divine opens a communication between earth and heaven, which invigorates the soul, enlightens the understanding, harmonizes the affections, controls the passions, dissipates the fears, and animates the hopes of man, during his pilgrimage through this wilderness of sin and sorrow, and even illuminates and exhilarates with its radiance the deep and silent caverns of the tomb. On a topic so interesting to your welfare I would gladly indulge some additional sentiments—but I must forbear—I fear I have already trespassed on the patience of the audience.

Farewel, then, my respected and beloved pupils—may the instruction which you have received in this institution be remembered and improved by you through life—may you experience every degree of worldly dignity, profit and pleasure, which is consistent with the dictates of honour and integrity, and may you finally obtain the eternal rewards which are promised to the pure in heart!

Receive now that public reward of diligence, which this seminary confers upon her meritorious sons, accompanied with my most fervent benediction and ardent prayers for your success in the prosecution of your studies, and for your own future health, prosperity, and happiness.

"Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme,
"O teach them what is good, teach them thyself!
"Save them from folly, vanity, and vice,
"From ev'ry low pursuit, and feed their souls
"With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
"Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss!"

EPITAPH.

On an Infant.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death comes with friendly care:
The op'ning bud to Heaven convey'd
And bid it blossom there.

The wonderful Boy of Lubeck.

Chriſtian Henry Heineken was born at Lubeck, Feb. 6, 1721, and died there, June 27, 1725, after having diſplayed the moſt amazing proofs of intellectual talents. He had not completed his firſt year of life, when he already knew and recited the principal facts contained in the five books of Moſes with a number of verſes on the creation. In his 14th month, he knew all the hiſtory of the Bible; in his 30th month, the hiſtory of the nations of antiquity, geography, anatomy, the uſe of maps, and nearly 8000 Latin words: before the end of his third year, the hiſtory of Denmark, and the genealogy of the crowned heads of Europe; in his fourth year, the doctrines of divinity, with their proofs from the Bible; eccleſiaſtical hiſtory; the inſtitutions; 200 hymns, with their tunes; 80 pſalms; entire chapters of the Old and New Teſtament; 1500 verſes and ſentences from ancient Latin claſſics; almoſt the whole Orbis Pictus of Comenius, whence he had derived all his knowledge of the Latin tongue; arithmetic; the hiſtory of the European empires and kingdoms; could point out in the maps whatever place he was aſked for, or paſſed by in his journies, and recite all the ancient and modern hiſtorical anecdotes relating to it. His ſtupendous memory caught and retained every word he was told: his ever active imagination uſed, at whatever he ſaw or heard, inſtantly to apply, according to the laws of aſſociation of ideas, ſome examples or ſentences from the Bible, geography, profane or eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, the Orbis Pictus, or from ancient claſſics. At the court of Denmark, he delivered 12 ſpeeches without once faultering; and underwent public examinations on a variety of ſubjects, eſpecially the hiſtory of Denmark. He ſpoke German, Latin, French, and Low Dutch, and was exceedingly good-natured and well-behaved, but of a moſt tender and delicate bodily conſtitution; never ate any ſolid food, but chiefly ſubſiſted on nurſes milk.

He was celebrated, ſays this account, all over Europe, under the name of the Learned Child of Lubeck. He died at the age of four years, four months, 20 days, and 21 hours; and his death was recorded in a number of periodical papers.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—Capt. Wood, of the ſchooner American, arrived at New-York on Thursday, informs that General Miranda was ſtill in Trinidad, with the Leander, and a force of about 500 men of different deſcriptions. It was reported in Port Spain that he would make another attempt to land on the Main, in the course of three or four days, with the aſſiſtance of the Lilly ſloop of war, Grenada and Express brigs, and ſeveral ſchooners.

DOMESTIC.

BOSTON, August 5.—Died yeſterday, in this town, Charles Auſtin, aged 18, ſon of Benjamin Auſtin, Eſq. and member of the preſent Senior Claſs, Cambridge college—by the diſcharge of a piſtol from Thomas O. Selfridge, Eſq. The particulars of this unfortunate and melancholy affair are ſo variouſly repreſented by contradictory reports, that, were it in any reſpect proper, it would be impoſſible for us to give any correct detail.

We merely underſtand, that a diſpute of a perſonal nature having taken place between the father of the young gentleman deceaſed and Mr. Selfridge, that on the meeting of the two latter, in State ſtreet, yeſterday, about 1 o'clock, the unhappy event enſued, which terminated in the death of Charles Auſtin, on the ſpot. Mr. Selfridge has ſurrendered himſelf for trial.

NATCHES, July 1.—The following very extraordinary circumſtance occurred a few days ſince:

At about two o'clock, P. M. an Indian was diſcoved by the family entering the ſouth end of Colonel Girault's lane. He drew their attention, being painted in an uncommon manner; his whole body appeared red; he held in his right hand a gun, which he brandiſhed with many geſticulations, in his left a bottle; he was attended by two other Indians in rather a ſober pace.—At the oppoſite end of the lane ſome more Indians were diſcovered, among whom was a man painted in like manner, but unarmed; he was held and detained by a woman, but when the one brandiſhing his gun came within about twenty ſteps of him, he burſt from the embrace of his wife and ruſhed towards his antagoniſt—at about four yards diſtance they both halted, when the unarmed one preſented his naked breaſt to the other, who took deliberate aim, but appearing to recollect himſelf, he dropt his gun, took a drink from the bottle, which was tied to his wriſt—the other patiently and reſolutely holding his breaſt open and preſented all this time—having finiſhed his drink, and giving a whoop, he took freſh aim, and in an inſtant the other fell almoſt at his feet; this done, he loaded his gun with all poſſible ſpeed, gave it to a bye-ſtander (ſon to the deceaſed) he then in turn bared and preſented his open breaſt, and was inſtantaneously ſent into eternity.

The dead bodies were carried each the way they had come, and by their reſpective friends interred, one at each end of the lane; the wife and relatives of the unarmedone, was who firſt killed, howled over his remains three days and nights, they then diſappeared; on Friday laſt they returned again, fired ſeveral guns on approaching the grave, gave a general howl about a quarter of an hour, and retired.

We learned from one among them who ſpeaks broken English, that they had quarrelled over a bottle ſome conſiderable time ago, when the Indian who was firſt killed had his finger bit by the other, in ſuch a manner, that his arm inflamed; he declared he was "*ſpoiled*," and that they muſt both die; they agreed, and formed the arrangement as related.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 2d to the 9th of Auguſt. Adults. 19—Children 25—Total 44.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN CHOSROES, we recognize the wit and the ribaldry of a former correſpondent. It is evident that his reading has been extenſive; but he appears unfortunately to have retained in the *chambers* of his mind, what ought to have eſcaped. We always feel the moſt ſenſible regret, when we ſee a mind capable of lofty conceptions, turn from the dignified tract of philoſophy, or polite literature, to wallow in the kennel of obſcenity. To CHOSROES we addreſs the language of a French Poet of eminence, with the hope of its producing a beneficial effect:

"Prens moi le bon parti; laiſſe la tous les livres,
"Exerce toi, mon fils, dans ces hautes ſciences."
BOILEAU.

Our young friend T. F. P. will obſerve that we have preſerved his piece with ſome alterations in our collection; rather to encourage induſtry and genius, than on account of its intrinſic merit. We recommend to him attentive peruſal, the Lectures of Dr. Blair, and until he has made himſelf maſter of the principles of compoſition, as there laid down, we adviſe him to reſign his pen.

AMITY's "*Moral Thought*" (has it is true ſome ſymptoms of Morality, but none of Poetry except rhyme.

The piece ſigned J. B. is intended for our next.

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